THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

$1.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. Single Copies, Five Cents

VOL. VIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883. NO. 24.

BEAU.

[Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers.]

HON. PONDEROUS POLYOQUENT. LOQUITUR.

That r minds me, dear sir, of a little occurrence which happened
When I was a lad.
An, let me replenish your glass, sir. And, if you'l. permit me,
I shall be very glad
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.

You observe, at the side table there, that majestic old darkey?
Well, that, sir, is Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion,
A long time ago.
Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.

'Twas in Albemarle county, Virginia, my father resided
Till the day that he died,
Full off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres,
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide.

This digression, pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me.
Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions,
In work or on spree.

Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington city,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With an arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wonderous achievements
In tobacco and beer.

On the first Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tacky,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darkey
Very seldom replied.

One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(If he could have done so.)
Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvelous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation,
Was the pride of his life.

And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing
Beau was rather too small;
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in his pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.

We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ambulations performed, our habiliments doffed, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation,
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.

This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.

Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the waters,
And with some superstition,
When, attempting to cast an unwieldly projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues
In our helpless condition.

Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father
(Beau after the brawl
Having slunk in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.

No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victim,
And none is so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue,
Nor— Hold—like a flash
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.

It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur and then a dead silence.
He can ne'er reappear.
This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers
To be found far or near,
Thus we wait a full minute—another—*two heads above water!*
And from us a hoarse cheer.

There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is ashore;
And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar,
And my father for once is profane, as he swears "By Jehovah,"
He is *free*, evermore!"

When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war *you* I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twar my *knife*, and I got it!"

—*T. N. Robertson, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Kentucky Heroine of Early Days.

A well authenticated incident of Nelson County, Kentucky, illustrates the character of the early emigrants from old Virginia: In 1787 the cabin of one John Merrill was attacked in the night by seven marauding savages. The barking of a faithful dog gave notice to the occupants that somebody was coming. Merrill opened the door to see what was the matter, when he fell severely wounded, being shot through the shoulder and lower limbs. He called upon his wife to shut the door, but it was speedily demolished by the tomahawks of four Indians. Mrs. Merrill, being a woman of great courage and of herculean strength, seized an axe and dispatched all of them as they entered. Two mounted upon the cabin roof and were entering by way of the chimney. Quick as thought Mrs. M. ripped open her only feather-bed and emptied its contents upon the fire. The blaze and smoke of the burning feathers so suffocated the invaders that they fell to the hearth, where she dispatched them with the axe. Only one escaped, and he was severely wounded by a blow from the heroine's deadly weapon.

CHOOSING "ABE" CAPTAIN.

BY JAMES C. AMBROSE.

When the Black Hawk war broke out in Illinois about 1832, young Abraham Lincoln was living at New Salem, a little village of the class familiarly known at the West as "one horse towns" and located near the capital city of Illinois.

He had just closed his clerkship of a year in a feeble grocery, and was the first to enlist under the call of Gov. Reynolds for volunteer forces to go against Sacs and Foxes, of which Black Hawk was chief.

By treaty these Indians had been removed west of the Mississippi into Iowa; but thinking their old hunting ground the better, they had recrossed the river with their war-paint on, causing some trouble, and a great deal of alarm among the settlers. Such was the origin of the war, and the handful of government troops stationed at Rock Island wanted help. Hence the State call.

Mr. Lincoln was twenty-three years old at that time, nine years older than his adopted state. The country was thinly settled, and a company of ninety men who could be spared from home for military service had to be gathered from a wide district. When full, the company met at the neighboring village of Richland to choose it's officers. In those days the militia men were allowed to select their leaders in their own way; and they had a very peculiar mode of expressing their preference for captains. For then, as now, there were almost always two candidates for one office.

They would meet on the green somewhere, and at the appointed hour the competitors would step out from the crowds on the opposite sides of the ground, and each would call on all the "boys" who wanted him for captain to fall in behind him. As the line formed, the man next the candidate would put his hands on the candidate's shoulder, the third man also in the same manner to the second man; and so on to the end. And then they would march and cheer for their leader like so many wild men, in order to win over the fellows who didn't seem to have a choice, or whose minds were sure to run after the greater noise. When all had taken sides, the man who led the longer line, would be declared captain.

Mr. Lincoln never outgrew the familiar nickname, "Abe;" but at that time he could hardly be said to have any other name than "Abe," in fact he had emerged from clerking in that little corner grocery as "Honest Abe." He was not only liked, but loved, in the rough fashion of the frontier by all who knew him. He was a good hand at gunning, fishing, racing, wrestling and other games; he had a tall and strong figure; and he seemed to have been as often "reminded of a little story" in '32 as in '62. And the few men not won by these qualities were won and held by his great common sense, which restrained him from excesses even in sports, and made him a safe friend.

It is not singular therefore that though a stranger to many of the enlisted men he should have had his warm friends who at once determined to make him captain.

But Mr. Lincoln hung back with the feeling, he said, that if there was any older and better established citizen whom the "boys" had confidence in, it would be better to make such a one captain. His poverty was even more marked than his modesty; and for his stock in education about that time, he wrote a letter to a friend twenty-seven years later:

"I did not know much; still, somehow I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all."

That, however, was up to the average education of the community; and having been clerk in a country grocery he was considered an educated man.

In the company Mr. Lincoln had joined, there was a dapper little chap for whom Mr. Lincoln had labored as a farm hand a year before, and whom he had left on account of ill-treatment from him. This man was eager for the captaincy. He put in his days and nights "log-rolling" among his fellow volunteers; said he had already smelt gunpowder in a brush with Indians, thus urging the value of experience; even thought he had a "martial bearing;" and he was very industrious in getting those men to join the company who would probably vote for him to be captain.

Muster-day came and the recruits met to organize. About them stood several hundred relatives and other friends.

The little candidate was early on hand and busily bidding for votes. He had felt so confident of the office in advance of muster-day, that he had rummaged through several country tailor shops and got a new suit of the nearest approach to a captain's uniform that their scant stock could furnish. So there he was, arrayed in jaunty cap, and a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons. He even wore fine boots, and moreover, had them blacked—which was almost a crime among a country crowd of that day.

Young Lincoln took not one step to make himself captain; and not one to prevent it. He simply put himself "in the hands of his friends," as the politicians say. He stood and quietly watched the trouble others were borrowing over the matter as if it were an election of officers they had enlisted for, rather than for fighting Indians. But after all a great deal depends in war on getting good officers.

As two o'clock drew near, the hour set for making a captain, four or five of young Lincoln's most zealous friends, with a big stalwart fellow at the head, edged along pretty close to him, yet not in a way to excite suspicion of a "conspiracy." Just a little bit before two, without ever letting "Abe" himself know exactly "what was up," the big fellow stepped directly behind him, clapped his hands on the shoulders before him, and shouted as only prairie giants can, "Hurrah for Captain Abe Lincoln!" and plunged his really astonished candidate forward into a march.

At the same instant, those in league with him also put hands to the shoulders before them, pushed, and took up the cheer, "Hurrah for Captain Abe Lincoln" so loudly that there seemed to be several hundred already on their side; and so there were, for the outside crowd was already cheering for Abe.

This little "ruse" of the Lincoln "boys" proved a complete success." Abe" had to march, whether or no to the music of their cheers; he was truly in the hands of his friends" then, and couldn't get away; and it must be said he didn't feel very bad over the situation. The storm of cheers and the sight of tall Abraham (six feet and four inches) at the head of the marching column before the fussy little chap in brass buttons was quite ready, caused a quick stampede even among the boys who intended to vote for the little fellow. One after another they rushed for a place in "Captain Abe's" line, as though to be first to fall in was to win a prize.

A few rods away stood that suit of captain's clothes alone, looking smaller than ever, "the starch all taken out of 'em," their occupant confounded, and themselves for sale. "Abe's" old "boss" said he was "astonished," and so he had good reason to be, but everybody could see it without his saying so. His "style" couldn't win among the true and shrewd though unpolished "boys" in coarse garments. They saw right through him.

"Buttons," as he became known from that day, was the last man to fall into "Abe's" line. He said he'd make it unanimous.

But his experience in making "Abe" Captain made himself so sick that he wasn't able to move when the company left for the "front," though he soon grew able to move out of the procession.

Thus was "Father Abraham," so young as twenty-three, chosen captain of a militia company over him whose abused hired-hand he had been. It is little wonder that in '59, after three elections to the State Legislature and one to Congress, Mr. Lincoln should write of this early event as "a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since." The war was soon over with but little field work for the volunteers; but no private was known to complain that "Abe" wasn't a good captain.

The Hospice of St. Bernard.

The Hospice of St. Bernard is situated 8,200 feet above the level of the sea. Mt. Washington is 6,226 feet. A poet has said of the hospice:

"That house, the highest in the ancient world,
And destined to perform from age to age
The noblest service, welcoming as guests
All of all nations and of every faith;
A temple sacred to humanity!
It is a pile of simplest masonry,
With narrow windows and vast buttresses,
Built to endure the shocks of time and chance;
Yet showing many a rent, as well it might,
Warred on forever by the elements."

In some years not a week has passed without snow falling. It always freezes early in the morning, even in midsummer and the hospice is rarely four months free from deep snow. To climb this path from Switzerland and Savoy is often extremely perilous. Sudden snow-storms overtake the traveler, obliterating the path, and at other times—more fearful and dangerous—the avalanche sweeps from the heights, carrying trees and crags, and burying everything it does not carry with it. This hospice is kept in obedience to religious convictions, to help the perishing and give needed rest and refreshment to travelers. No man could be hired to do this service. Love only—love to God and man—could furnish motives strong enough. These brave monks have found helpers in a race of dogs, as all the world knows. They are known as the St. Bernard breed. It is said that the first dogs came from Spain; but purity of stock has been deemed of less moment than the qualities required for their service in saving human life. Of course many of them die in the attempt. In times of special peril we are told, they are generally sent in pairs, one carrying a flask of spirits attached to his neck, the other a cloak for any who may need it. If the person found by them can walk, they conduct him to the hospice, and by their loud barking tell of their return and need of assistance. If he be insensible, they go back to the hospice and call the monks to the spot. So keen is their sense of smell that though the sufferer is several feet below the surface, they will not pass the spot, but dig away the snow, and exert themselves to the utmost in his behalf.

Medals are worn by the dogs for every life they have saved. One had twenty-seven such medals! Very many affecting stories of their fidelity are told. In the church of St. Oswald, at Zug, there is a representation of one on the tomb of a man whose life he had saved.

Horse Beef for Dinner.

I was called to a neighboring town to visit a patient. It being about noon, the gentleman of the house (nearly seventy years old) invited me to stop and dine. While at dinner he says:

"I don't know, doctor, as you like my dinner."

"Why, yes," says I, "I do; I like it very well; it is very good."

"I guess you don't know what you are eating."

"Why, yes, I do," said I; "it's some nice new corned beef."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, "it is horse beef."

"I don't believe it," I replied.

"It is," said he; "I declare it is my old mare."

I was not much acquainted with him at that time. I looked at him, supposing him to be joking, but could not discover a muscle of the face to alter or change.

I had just taken another piece on my plate, and a mouthful of the second slice in my mouth; and in fact it was horse meat, sure enough; I could taste it as plainly as my olfactory nerves would discover the scent of the old horse.

The more I chewed the meat the more disagreeable it tasted. I at last gave it a swallow, as I do with a dose of physic. I afterward tasted a little sauce, but took care not to put any more meat in my mouth, and kept time with the family.

Glad I was when dinner was over. It being cool weather, the old gentleman went to smoking and telling stories. At last he says:

"I don't wan't to leave you in the dark about your dinner. I told you we had horse meat for dinner, and so it was. I told you it was some of my old mare, and so it was, for I swapped her away for a steer, and that was some of the beef."

I have ever since been glad that the old gentleman put the joke upon me, for I never should have known how far imagination would have carried me.

Boy learning catechism. Q.—What is man's chief end? A.—His head.

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY MISS J. J. TURPIN.

Read at the Closing Exercises of Richmond, Va., Institute.

Who has not heard depicted the glories of the "good old times"? Who has not listened to vehement disparagements of the present? Who has not witnessed the longings of some mistaken wight for the "good old times" of the past?

Does an accident occur, are lives lost—"ah, well such things didn't happen so often in the olden days; the Lord must be visiting a judgment upon this people." Do we read of a murder, an embezzlement, a seduction—"deary me! what is the world coming to! people didn't use to be so wicked." Do we go into ecstasies over some hero of to-day—"oh! but those great men of the past times has since produced none like to them."

Blame not these dear old people, these mourners after a past that is forever vanished. They are looking back into the days of their youth; what wonder that they call them—the "good old times"?

What we see without is often but a reflection of something within; so they, with the twilight of many years gathering about them, see somber and gloomy colors everywhere. Age has dimmed their mental as well as their natural vision, and the advantages of the present are but faintly revealed. They are gazing backward through a vista which stretches far into distance, the defects of the landscape sink out of sight, a misty veil over hangs the scene, and

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

So, throughout the ages, have there been men who longed for the days of their youth, as the "good old times." Nor is this all; occasionally we meet young people, in the fullness of their strength, in the light of advanced civilization, who paint the superiority of times they knew not, who decry the achievements of later days, who lean to the theory that the world is growing worse. Shame on them that they appreciate not the advantage they enjoy; shame on them that they recognize not the grand order of progression; shame on them that they are not thankful for being born in the nineteenth century.

As we contemplate the subject, some of the principal features of the "good old times" arise before us.

There were the "good old times" when the useful arts were little known and science was poorly appreciated. In those days people worked harder and accomplished less. The agriculturist had then to perform with tedious hand labor which now his machinery does for him. The mechanic with illy constructed tools and but little experience to aid him, knew not the beauty of finish and quickness of execution that belong to his brother of to-day. The ancient house wife enjoyed not the conveniences to which we are so accustomed that we forget they once were not. The broom, that well-known implement of industry and warfare, has not always had existence. Had Eve possessed a sewing machine, those aprons could have been made with greater neatness and dispatch. Once upon a time there were no umbrellas to be advertised as "lost, strayed, or stolen"; and books were so rare that the borrower found it difficult to collect a library after the approved method. Doctors were not such adepts in the art of killing and lawyers had not learned to lie skillfully. Travelers endured the crowding, the jolting, and the tedium of the stage-coach: and a trip to Europe was regarded almost as a visit to another world. Those whose memory we delight to honor, were once mocked and derived. Fulton was thought a fool, Columbus a fanatic and Galileo a madman. Faces were upturned to the beautiful sky, but they read not the language of the stars; men watched with fear the lightning's flash, and knew not the power there enchained; the genial sun warmed and cheered, but it revealed not its wonderful secret of picture-making.

Do we long for the "good old times" of ancient schooling? The school houses lacked the modern improvements in heating and lighting and ventilating. There were the backless benches where little ones grew weary, and drooped the shoulders forward in an unsightly and unhealthful manner. There were the high seats from which little feet could not touch the floor and hung in a tired, strained condition throughout the long hours. There was the old primer in which beginner droned over a, b, c, while more advanced students recited from Webster's spelling book. There was an absence of those appliances which make study easy and interesting. There was the stiff old master who made the brick the administrator of an iron law. System to him meant a strict adherence to a set of rigid rules; discipline implied hard tasks and a frequent application of the rod. It is not strange that "the feet that creeping out to play."

Have you forgotten the "good old times" of superstition, the times which made so vivid an impression that we ourselves bear faint marks? Men sought to find in the heavens a revelation of human destiny, astrologers were consulted concerning important issues, armies hung upon the lips of the oracle. The ordeal, with all its awful torture, was used as a test of guilt. Honest citizens were accused of witch-craft, innocent lives were taken, frenzied crowds

"—mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That flattered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lips trembling with its prayers."

Fortune tellers have been revered as being favored with peculiar prophetic vision. Through this belief many impostors have triumphed; many credulous have been robbed; and many a one has been delivered by vain and foolish expectations. Sighs that bear no reasonable relation to the thing signified, tokens that have no philosophical connection with the event typified, are but remnants of this barbarism.

The "good old times" of religious persecution, cast a blur upon the past. Men were imprisioned, exiled, tortured for their religious beliefs. Latimers and Cranmers yield up their lives at the stake, and lady Jane Greys laid down life upon the block. Bloody Mary lighted the bonfires of England, and a cruel queen ordered the massacre of Bartholomew. William Penn left England on account of religious persecution, and the Pilgrim Fathers crossed to secure religious liberty. Under such a regime, all Christians were martyrs; and denominations feigned to serve God, by persecuting each other.

Our hearts boil with indignation at the remembrance of the "good old times" of slavery. Men whose forefathers wrote the Declaration of Independence, deprived their fellow-being of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Christians who professed to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, tortured His creatures with merciless hand. Ministers called of God to preach the gospel as it is in Christ Jesus, were content to expatiate to the slave on the passage, "Servants, obey in all things your masters." Men and women were torn from the attractions of their native homes, they were packed into dark and filthy holes for passage; families were cruely parted and sold men with God given talents and great capabilities, were treated as brutes; they were exposed to privations and diseases; they were left in grossest ignorance they were tempted to vice and immorality, they were required to make "bricks with out straw," and they received in return curses and blows and horrors untold. Let us draw the curtain, we thank God those "good old times" are past.

In the "good old times" when woman's true position was unrecognized, she was regarded as a necessary evil. She waited upon him and relieved him of every care, but she was not even allowed to take her meals with him. The hardest work and the coarsest fare were hers. Men rejoiced over the birth of a son, but scorned the baby girl. For a woman to interest herself in anything outside of the dreary round of her allotted tasks, was considered unwomanly; and a learned woman was synonymous with an outcast. Womanhood was not then reverence in the varied offices of mother, wife, sister, friend. She was shut out from literature, excluded from science, debarred from the fine arts, driven from the temple, denied admittance to the schools, and welcomed only in the harem.

We shrink in revulsion from the "good old times" of war. Men delighted in slaughter. The great warriors went forth to battle for glory—what glory? the glory of becoming murderers, of devastating cities and towns, of rending the hearts of women and children; for conquest—what conquest? they gained bloody and seared consciences, they gained loads of sin that no human effort could remove, they gained names that call forth shudders of abhorrence from those who live after them; for vengance—why vengance? when, "Vengance is mine, saith the Lord."

The "good old times" are a myrth, a fantasy, a delusion, and a snare. The present is superior to all times past. We of to-day possess a peculiar legacy. The intellectual powers of our ancestors have been transmitted to us, their moral virtures have descended to us; their inventions are all ours. We have all that they had, and also our own particular endowments. How can our advantage but be better than theirs? We would not be worthy of being their children, were we not better and wiser than they. The world is progressing. Discovery and invention lighten toil, and secure results more nearly perfect. Education spreads, and men grow in mental stature. Superstition is becoming a relic of bygone days. Men are tolerant of religious beliefs, and unite in Christianizing the heathen. The people once held in bondage, are now rising in all the dignity of manhood and womanhood to the plane of true and rightful living. Woman, once despised as man's slave, is now honored as his helpmeet. War, once sought is now avoided. Man has more, knows more, does more. Hurrah for the good *new* things.

J. J. T.

An Exemplary Michigander.

Coldwater, Mich., boasts, or did boast, the possession of a *rara avis* in the person of Rev. Allen Tibbetts, who went to that state in 1824, and to Coldwater in 1831, preaching the first sermon ever preached there in July of that year, at his own residence. In his 77th year he narrated the following synopsis of his life:

"I never swore an oath, or took a chew of tobacco, or smoked up a whole cigar. I never bought or sold a drink of whisky or brandy for myself. I never owned or carried a pistol. I never owned a kite or played a game of marbles. In traveling over 100,000 miles by public conveyance, I never met with an accident, or was a single moment too late when it depended on my own exertions. I never sung a song, or played a game of checkers, billiards or croquet, or any game of cards. I never skated a rod, or struck a man a blow with my fist. I can repeat more of the Bible than any man living of whom I have any knowledge. I have given instruction to more than 200,000 pupils. I am the only one alive of the persons who composed the first church in this city and county. I have given away more real estate in this city (Coldwater) than all its other inhabitants. I preached for fifteen years, and traveled more than 500 miles attending funerals; and all the salary I ever received was a pound of tea worth 75 cents."

—A paper in publishing the above, added: "We cannot imagine just what his weakness is, but are ready to bet that he is a terror in his line."

It will be noticed that he said nothing about the sisters of the church. Perhaps—but no; he should not be wronged by such a thought. Perhaps horse-racing or base ball was his specialty. The old gent couldn't have been much of a boy, not to play marbles, fly kites, skate or sing, and really should have mentioned some recreation that he did indulge in.

Mark Twain would have every steamboat compelled to carry in a conspicuous place the following notice: "In case of a disaster, do not waste precious time in meddling with the life-boats. They are out of order."

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

C. A. LEMAR,

Business Manager and Financial Ag't

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT

609 LA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance..... $1.5
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.6
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.7
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.0
One copy six months..... $1.0
One copy three months..... .5

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE Box 283, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

HOMES FOR THE MASSES.

It must strike every observer who notes the many and varied architectural improvements which are made in Washington, from time to time, that it is those who are beyond the pressure of want or necessity—those who are on the high road to prosperity, so to speak, who are gracing our capitol with so many forms of beauty in brick and stone. The mechanic, the horny son of toil, has but little representation in the army of builders, save as a wage-worker. The houses erected are mainly by and for those who live comparatively at their ease and luxury.

Probably, this, from the very nature of things, is a result of the peculiarity of Washington life. There is no commercial or manufacturing class here, who having worked themselves from the lowest rounds of the ladder, are seeking how they can ameliorate the condition of the laborer, by giving him better houses to live in, by providing such schools for his instruction in art as Cooper Institute, by establishing and maintaining public libraries for his benefit as are found in the larger cities of the North and West.

The problem of homes for the masses needs the best skill of the architect, the philanthropy of the capitalist, as well as the foresight of the sanitarian, for its favorable solution.

Modern life, with its attendant requirements and dangers, is such that homes for the people can only be neglected at the peril of hte commonwealth.

He is but a superficialist who does not see that the laboring classes must, as a class, have an opportunity of living in accordance with the higher demands of civilization. Take away this opportunity, you invite squalor, you stimulate crime, you breed disease, premature national decay and death. Give the opportunity, and labor and capital work in harmony, socialism and communism become further removed as a dread out come of social revolution.

If this be true of the laboring classes as a whole, how much more important is it that the colored people who form a large elememt of the working classes in this city should be enabled to buy or rent houses in accordance with their income where the usual modern conveniences of city life are not wanting. While there is but little done to erect buildings with modern improvement, such as can be found in such cities as Philadelphia and Baltimore renting from $10 upward there is an added difficulty of prejudice on account of color to obtaining houses of a higher grade. This difficulty, this opposition to renting houses to colored people is more marked than ten years ago. It is becoming greater day by day and to provide effectual remedies is becoming a greater task by delay.

It may be only a question of veracity between Gen. Chalmers and his colored adherents, and the Hon. J. R. Lynch. But the former must not be surprised if with the country, exclusive of the thick-and-thin partisans, the word of the latter more than outweighs the declarations of the former.

The completion of the Northern Pacific Railway will tend largely to the development of the great Northwest, with its immense granaries. One sows, another reaps. What Jay Cooke planned, Villard has executed; but in response to the honors extended him, the latter gracefully acknowledges the services of his pioneering and unfortunate predecessor.

AN IGNORANT MUSICIAN.

It may not be well to say any thing about the propriety or impropriety of having a band of music in attendance upon a funeral procession. It is one which does not particularly concern any one but those who have the management of the procession in charge; but whatever may be urged for or against the custom, it will be at once admitted that when music *is* in attendance, it should be of a character appropriate to the occasion. We regret to say that, while a funeral procession was passing down "M" street, last Sunday, we witnessed a most shocking exhibition of ignorance as to the character of music best suited to such occasions. The band consisted of fife and drum. The ignoramus who manipulated the fife, played in solemn strains the German national anthem, "Der Wacht am Rhine," which he mistook for "Flee as a bird to yon mountain," while the drummer, nothing daunted, kept up the usual drum—dum—de—dum. Now such exhibitions of ignorance may be pardonable under ordinary circumstances, but on such solemn occasions as funerals, in deference to the morals of the community, as well as to the family and friends of the deceased, such ignorance should not be tolerated. It is to be hoped that greater discretion may be exercised in the selection of musicians who are to contribute to the solemnity (not the ridicule) of funeral processions.

LITTLE more than one year ago, Prof. James Storum, through the influence and plotting of Prof. King, was removed from his subordinate position as instructor in Wayland Seminary. Many of the former students protested against the action in vain. Now Mr. Storum is placed at the head of the new educational institution in Virginia. As Wayland draws largely from Virginia, it will be seen that Wayland, under the present management, must necessarily be crippled, for many of her former student will go to Petersburg rather than come to Washington to serve the *King*. Let the *King* be dethroned!

THE N. Y. *Sun* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary last Monday. The contrast is marked and striking between the *fac simile* of the first issue of Sept. 3 1833, and the *Sun* of to-day. As the pioneer of the penny press, the *Sun* is to be congratulated on its phenomenal journalistic prosperity.

EVIDENTLY, *The Contributor* does not see the force of our suggestion. It complains about the absence of colored apprentices, and we suggest to them in keeping with the Carlylemaxim, to "do the thing which lies next to you", to get a capital of $250, and thereby set an example to the people of that city. They should have too much pride to ask papers of other cities to do what they can and ought themselves to do. We see six names given as members of the publishing company. If they cannot raise from friends at home that amount, what pledge have outsiders that the sum, if raised, would be intelligently and honorably managed? These young men must learn now, as well as at any other time, that self-reliance is an indispensable factor to true development. No industrial society among the young people of St. Louis would accomplish more the desire of the *Contributor* than a printing office managed by the "The Contributor Publishing Company."

THAT conference last week shows that Mahone not only can be relied on to support the Republican nominee next year, but to use his best energies to secure the electoral vote of other Southern States than Virginia. There was one thing, however, about the meeting we did not like—the absence of a single colored face. If the meeting was pre-arranged, it showsthe same non-recognition which malcontents have claimed characterized the actions of President Arthur; if accidental, the coincidence is unfortunate. Mahone has shown his leadership and his following in Virginia to such an extent, that we know just what estimate to put upon his declarations. No conflicting leadership there exists which is worthy of note. It is not so in the other Southern States. There's O'Hara in North Carolina, Straker in South Carolina, Pledger and Devaux in Georgia, Joseph in Alabama, Lynch and Bruce in Mississippi, Pinchback and Dumont in Louisiana, and scores of colored men in Virginia who have better claims to be consulted than John W. Woltz.

The District of Columbia, Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, Indiana, Nebraska and Minnesota have elected delegates to the National Convention. Conventions to elect delegates will be held in North Carolina, Maryland, West Virginia, Illinois, Mississippi and Kentucky in this month. Doubtless other localities of which we have not been informed have taken action for representation. This insures the presence of from one hundred and fifty to hundred delegates. Better results can be looked for from such a body than from one nearly twice the size. Notwithstanding the malicious lying that has been resorted to by "crooked" dispatches from this center there is every probability that the Convention will be both respectable in numbers and representative in its personel. The matters of national aid to education, the adjustment of labor problems, the pressing need for industrial education, civil rights, the best agencies for promoting the material, moral and social welfare of the colored people will be considered at length.

PERSONAL.

Samuel Lowery, of Huntsville, Ala., a well known colored man, has a most important exhibit at the Louisville Exposition of thousands of silk worm spinners raised upon his plantation of white mulberry trees in Alabama.

The instructors of the Virginia Collegiate and Normal Institute, located at Petersburg, Va., have been elected as follows: Prof. Jas. Storum, President; Prof. D. N. Vassar, Rev W. H. Smith, Misses Ida Morris and Sallie Gregory.

The *Conservator* gives the account of the funeral of Miss Tessie Anderson at Janesville, Wis., the only colored scholar attending the high school at that place. She was brilliant in her attainments. Six young (white) men acted as pall bearers, followed by twenty-three others of her schoolmates, thirteen acting as honorary pall bearers, each carrying a floral offering.

About Telescopes.

A two-inch telescope with ordinary mounting may be purchased for from $50 to $100, depending on the quality. A three inch or three and a half inch, which is large enough for any use to which an amateur is likely to put a telescope, costs from $130 to $200. A four inch is worth from $225 to $300, and a six inch from $500 to $800. The cost of larger telescopes of the observatories, varying from a foot to eighteen or twenty inches in aperture, runs far up among the thousands.

The magnifying power is reckoned in diameters. If a telescope is said to have a power of 200, that means that it magnifies an object 200 times in every direction, or 40,000 times superficially. A good two inch should bear powers up to 175 or 200 diameters, and should show the little blue companion of the north star. It should clearly reveal the belts of Jupiter and the snow caps about the poles of Mars, and in good weather should show the division between the two main rings of Saturn. Many of the most beautiful double stars may be seen to advantage with such a telescope. The mountains and craters in the moon are not difficult objects for it.

A three inch will bear a power of 300. It will detect the small purple star that is hidden in the rays of Rigel, one of the chief twinklers in Orion, and will give a beautiful view of the shadows of Jupiter's moons cast upon his surface when they come between the sun and their planet. It will under favorable circumstances show the outlines of the continents and oceans of Mars. The wonderful ring nebula in Lyra is beautifully seen in such a telescope, and the great nebula in Orion's sword, with its glittering trapezium of stars, is an easy object. Most of the famous star clusters, in which the stars in countless multitudes swarm together like golden bees, may be satisfactorily seen with a three-inch telescope of the first class. It will show the smallest sun spots, and give an endless diversity of views in the rugged scenery of the moon.

As the size of the glass increases, more and more can be seen. An object that is faintly or imperfectly seen in a three inch becomes plain and distinct in a four inch. What tests the utmost powers of a six inch is easy for an eight inch, and so on. There is a star in the beautiful constellation of Lyra which furnishes an interesting series of tests. The smallest telescope, even a spyglass, shows that the star is double. A two inch glass shows two stars and a third fainter one near them. A three inch splits each of the two stars into two more, which seem almost to touch each other. A three and a half or four inch glass shows yet two very minute stars between the two pairs. Astronomers say that these distant suns show evidence of being connected in a wonderful system. They revolve around one another as well as around a common center.

WHAT A COMET DID.—In 1712, Whiston, an eccentric Millenarian divine and astronomer, who served as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton when Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, Eng., predicted that a comet would appear at noon on Wednesday, Oct 14, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the following Friday. The comet came, and an extraordinary effect. More than one hundred clergymen waited on the primate on the Wednesday to request that proper prayers might be prepared, and thousands of men, who believed that the end of the world was coming, on Thursday married women with whom they had been living. Many people embarked on the water, thinking that safer when the fire came, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, chief director of the Bank of England, issued instructions to the fire officers to keep a sharp lookout on the bank, on which there was a prodigious run, presumably by those who thought that, though they brought nothing into the world, they might be able to take something out. The captain of a Dutch ship in the Thames threw all his powder into the river. Whiston is only remembered now by his translation of Josephus.

Health journals will never be very popular with the ultra fashionables until they stop wasting space on children, and give more attention to the diseases of lap dogs and kittens.

OUR NEBRASKA LETTER.

STOCK RAISING, TAKING UP LAND, &c.

MR. EDITOR: A project, which originated with your old friend, Mr. P. K. L. Cole, and who is a large operty owner in Cherry county of this State, has been agreed upon, to go into *stock* raising next spring, or as soon as the company can conveniently. As Nebraska is an agricultural State, cattle and sheep kings do well; and as there is a great deal of prairie in the western part of the State, feed does not cost anything in the summer, and very little in the winter.

The old soldier's committee, sent to the northwestern part of the State by their Colonization Society, has returned and made their report, but I have not seen it in print. Their first announcement was, that they had found plenty of vacant land, some soil, and scores of jack rabbits and coyotes; and, later, that they had found splendid land for a colony. But the most artful affair which greeted them on their trip, was two young ladies, (white,) who, having each taken a homestead and a timber claim, were settled comfortably, having built their house on the middle line between the two homesteads, so that they could both be together, and on their claim. And so it was my painful task, last week, to bid farewell to two former lady students and their brother, who were going to Dakota for that purpose.

Crete is getting to be quite a watering place, being also an educational center; and situated on the east bank of the Big Blue river. Our Doane College (Congregational) sits on a high eastern hill, overlooking the river's beautiful valley.

The "Nebraska National Guard" has been encamped here four days, parading and drilling. The militia consists of all able-bodied male citizens of the State, between eighteen and forty-five years of age, and the active militia consists of those enlisted, numbering two thousand. There is not a colored militia company in the State, although an attempt was made more than a year ago to raise a company in Lincoln but its life proved to be of short duration. Our old soldier's reunion will be at Hastings, seventy miles west of here, from September 3rd to the 8th, and promises to be the largest ever held in the State.

The trouble, which began in Omaha at the city or county convention, and extending through the State convention, is still in progress, and with no immediate hopes of its coming to an end, although the western counties thought that they had settled it beyond all further dispute. But the three little resolute fellows are hard at work, and may neutralize much that we accomplish in the convention. Our people in Omaha are sadly in need of a good and wise leader.

ISAAC B. BURTON.

CRETE, NEB., *Aug.* 27, 1883.

Annapolis Notes.

MR. EDITOR:—While visiting friends, in Annapolis, Md., it occured to me that you would like a few notes, by the way. My visit has been agreeable in every point of view.

Annapolis is among the most ancient cities of our country. Surrounded almost by water, with one railroad, but rest and circuses. The Naval Academy and State House add considerably to the life of the city. Society is well situated for manufactures on the account of its great water. The society is very good. The colored people will compare favorably in point of wealth with the most of our cities. On the whole it is a splendid summer resort, with charming scenery for visitors. A camp meeting has been going on at Camp Parole for the last two weeks under the auspices of Revs J. M. Cargill and J. E. Williams. Last Sunday at 11 A. M., Rev. Cargill preached to a large crowd. His theme was the spirit in the ..... Ezek XXXVII 27. "And I will put Spirit within you." The sermon was an able production and deemed to have been enjoyed by the large crowd. At 3 P. M. Rev. S. H. Cummings delivered a fine discourse. At 8 P. M., Rev. J. A. Holmes, of the A. buy M. E. Church preached an interesting sermon. Rev J. M. Cargill, pastor of Mount Maria Church is doing nicely, both spiritually and financially he has taken in since he has been here eleven members, and has raised $600, he is considered just the man. Rev Cargill's madam is quite a pleasant little body she tries to make it pleasant for everyone. Bishop Brown says that the growths of mars success depends upon his wife. She is a lady who considerit here if to all circumstances. I am sorry to say that the public school is in a deplorable condition. Revs. J. M. Cargill and J. A. Holmes express themselves in reference to the public school system, as inferior to many other cities. The trustees promise better things in the future, which he is very much desired.

FUNERALS IN FLORENCE.—A stranger in Florence seldom fails to be startled by encountering one of those novel funeral processions, which can be seen rushing through the street every night, and we have at times encountered several of them during the same evening. You see approaching you a procession of twenty or thirty men arrayed in black dominos, covering the entire body, head and all, with two holes for the eyes. In the hands of each is a flaming torch, while they carry on their shoulders a box, covered with a black cloth, containing a dead body. They move along in what might be called double-quick step, uttering monotonous prayers as they make their way toward the Piazza del Duomo. The people stop and raise their hats as the cortege passes. The guidebooks give no explanation of this novel proceeding, but they are said to be burial societies, which were formed many years since, during the prevalence of cholera, and have been kept up for the burial of the poor. The disguise was originally intended to conceal the members, who were mostly men of distinction, and the remains were carried in this hasty manner to prevent contagion. They are liberally sustained in their operations, and not only provide burial for the dead, but minister to the wants of the sick. A member of the fraternity in this novel disguise can occasionally be seen on the streets with a box extending it to passers-by and asking for contributions, which are freely given. They always carry the bodies at night.

An Intelligent Controversy.

"Are we not having a delightful outpouring of the spirit?" asked a young lady teacher in one of the Brooklyn Sunday schools of another young lady teacher, as the two met on Fulton street yesterday.

"Isn't it perfectly splendid? Mr. Grace, our superintendent, told me Wednesday that an awful lot of precious souls had been gathered into the fold. Isn't it delicious?"

"It is too sweet for anything. It makes me feel quite Psalm xlvii: 1. Our superintendent, Mr. Devine, says he has never known a more refreshing season, and he thinks the manifestation has not reached its height."

"That's just what Mr. Grace says," replied the other, "and he is really 1 Timothy iii. 2, if ever a man was. He told me Thursday, nearly the whole vineyard was ripe and ready for the reapers, and it is, quite so."

"Just what Mr. Devine thinks. As I said, he came to our house Wednesday, and having Romans xvi: 16's, he went on to tell us how an especial revelation had been vouchsafed to little Johnny White, who repeated four hundred and eighty verses, some of them real long, Sunday morning. I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh! That's nothing," sniffed the other "In our Sunday school Abram Willett, only six years old, repeated eight hundred and forty verses, and it took him all the day. Mr. Grace says that he is the Matthew v.: 48est boy in Brooklyn."

"I don't believe it," sneered the first. "I think there is some Colossians iii.: 9 in that statement, and you will have 1 Thess. v: 21 before I can ever believe you again."

"Why, you nasty little bunch of Galations v: 20!" exclaimed the other. "To hear you talk, one would think you were Hebrews i: 4. I tell you he did say the verses, and if you deny it you are the last clause of Proverbs xiv: 5. And I don't believe your superintendent ever Romans xvi: 16'd you either. He's got too much sense."

"I tell you he did, and I 1 Thess. v: 26'd him!" yelled the first. "You are nothing but Proverbs xix: 13, and you will find yourself come up with in Proverbs xix: 29. Oh! you unregenerate thing, how I would like to Matthew xxvi: 67 you!"

"You'd better not try it," retorted the other. "If you did you'd the first clause of Acts v: 10 quicker than a candle could scorch a feather. You can't humbug me with any long stories about abundant grace in your old Sunday school, for there's where they make you 1 Corinthians xvi 34, and I know it. The best thing you can do is to go home and the last clause of Matthew vi: 17."

By this time both of the young ladies were the first clause of Luke vi: 11, and it appeared as though the secular constabulary would be called in.

"Oh, you minx!" proclaimed the first. "Oh, you last word in Matthew ix: 32!"

"Oh! you nasty scribe and pharisee!" shouted the other, "Oh! you generation of vipers and scorpions. Oh! you Matthew iii: 5!"

And with these purely Christian expressions, conveyed in the approved method, they both arose and went thence.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Constipation.

Hall's Journal of Health thinks it doubtful if consumption numbers as many victims as are stricken down by the various diseases that result from habitual constipation. True consumption is an inherited disease. It may remain always dormant, but when aroused to action decay commences at a point circumscribed, and gradually extends, unless arrested, until so much of the lungs become involved that vital action ceases. The evils of constipation result from inattention to the calls of nature, and usually commence with children whose habits are not closely looked to by their parents.

The processes of nature are always active while life lasts. When effete matter is retained a moment beyond the time its expulsion is demanded, the system commences its efforts to get rid of it. When the natural egress is checked, the absorbents carry the more fluid portions of the poisonous mass into the circulation, and it becomes diffused throughout the body. The more solid or clay-like portion is forced into the lower rectum, where it becomes firmly impacted, thus cutting off the circulation in the small blood vessels, causing painful engargements known as piles and hemorrhoids. A continuance of these troubles often results in fissure, fistula or cancer. The trouble is seldom confined here. As a result of the blood poisoning we almost invariably find more less or dyspepsia, with decided derangement of the functions of the heart, liver, and kidneys, accompanied by headache and nervous debility, often verging on paralysis.

How Far the Sound of Cannon Goes.

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought June 14th, 1775. The sound of the cannon used in the engagement was very distinctly heard by persons on the Deerfield River, on the east side of Hoosick Mountain, where now is the town of Charlemont, Mass., the distance being one hundred and twenty miles. This is asserted in "The Memoirs of Capt. Lemuel Roberts," a rare work printed at Bennington, Vt., 1809. He was an officer in the army of the Revolution. He says: "We were surprised at the hearing of a heavy cannonade from a great distance, which proved to be the battle of Bunker Hill."

On July 29th, 1812, a naval engagement with a cannonade lasting an hour and a half, occurred between the United States Flotilla of Delaware, Lieut. Samuel Angus commanding, and some British ships that were in the bay. The conflict transpared near Cape May, not far from a place called Crow's Shoals. The firing of the cannon was heard by many persons at Washington City, distant, in a direct line, one hundred and twenty miles. This is recorded as "A Curious Fact" in a weekly paper called "The War," published at New York in 1812-13.

These cases are well authenticated. The cannon could not have been so large as the ones now in use.—[Scientific American.

IN A CENTURY MORE.—The center of population in the United States has, during the last ten years, shifted from Columbus, Ohio, to the Indiana boundary line; in a few decades more it will reach the Mississippi river. At the rate of increase prevailing during the present century, the country will, in 1920, contain between 150,000,00 and 160,000,000. This is only forty years hence, a space easily grasped by those who can remember "the Harrison presidential campaign." Ten or twelve years more, equal to a look backward as far as the days of Jackson, nullification and the United States bank, the country will be found to contain 209,000,000—equal to the present population of Europe, exclusive of Russia, Austria and Turkey.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

We have just received from Mr. H. B. Polkinhorn on Louisana Ave., next door to the City Post office a copy of Dr. Marshall's pamphlet "The Coon Weighed in the Balance"; which is a reply to the infamous attact of Dr. Tucker, on the Colored race. Dr. Marshall takes up the main points referred to by the former gentleman and handles him without gloves and leaving latter completely vanquished. Be sure and procure a copy only 25 cents. As this pamphlet of Dr. Marshall has received such wide commendation, it will sell rapidly and those desiring a copy will do well to obtain one at the earliest opportunity.

A Valuable Coin.

An expert coin dealer says the most valuable modern coin is a confederate states silver dollar, which is valued at $1,000. There were only a few of these coins struck. The confederate government had the dies made and a few coins were struck at the New Orleans mint for the inspection of the confederate officials. They found, however, that they had no silver, and no more were coined. Jeff Davis says he had one of these coins on his person when he was captured, but some one took possession of it—he does not know who. Possibly it may be in circulation yet as a genuine coin of the United States. One side of the coin was in fact made with a regular die used in the New Orleans mint to strike United States silver dollars. The other side was specially devised for the purpose. The legend reads: "Confederate States of America." There is a shield, with bars and seven stars, surmounted by a liberty cap. The shield is inclosed by a wreath composed of cotton and sugar stalks.

An old gentleman at Harlem, N. Y., had a narrow escape. He was afflicted with rheumatism, he says, and on the advice of a neighbor drank half a pint of kerosene oil. He then lighted his pipe, and on blowing out the match his mouth caught fire. He drew his breath in astonishment, and then began to feel a burning sensation in the stomach, but with great presence of mind he seized his nose, closing his nostrils and mouth, and thus put himself out. It is lucky he did so, for if he had turned up aside from the horrible agony he experienced, the community never would have known what a liar he was.

Neither of them was over ten years old. One leaned against the fence and the other rubbed his back against a lamp-post, and they eyed each other for a long time. Then one of them said: "My mother has got a new sealskin sacque, and your's haint." "I don't care," replied the other, "she frizzes her hair and uses paint, and that's just as tony."

Hackett's Sun.

Neither ought ordinary hugging, without shawl, to be an, we hear.

Hapless sons of clay are frequently bricks.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

Butchers sell porter-house steak, but you can't get one of them to admit that he sells boarding-house steak.

A little boy in Georgia, who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony, was wise enough to add: "Poscrit. If he's a mule, Please tie his behine legs."

A paper giveing an account of a shooting affray, says the wounded man is expected to recover, as the pistol ball lodged in his "dinner pail."

An enterprising reporter, writing up a wreck at sea, stated that "no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust."

A man advertises for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine and adds that it will be "highly lucrative to the undertaker."

An Irishman who was found guilty of stealing a lot of coffee, was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made tay with it," was the Hibernian's reply.

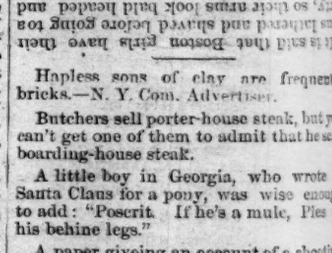
Tennyson smokes American navy plug tobacco. And we suppose—we haven't seen it in print, but we just infer—that Mrs. Tennyson sleeps with a clothes pin on her nose.

The young woman who had many suitors, and from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one rejected them all, referred in her latter life to that period as her "declining years."

"War is a dreadful destroyer of human life," remarks a correspondent in beginning an article on "The Destiny of Liberty." This is, indeed, true, but for steady work give us a coal-oil lamp.

A political orator, speking of a certain general whom he admired, said he was always on the field of battle where the bullets were the thickest. "Where was that?" "In the ammunition wagon."

A boy can imagine almost anything he can lug an old shot gun about all day without firing at a living thing, and be under the impression that he's having a howling good time. But all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he's killing Indians when he is sawing wood, have proved futile.—*Boston Post.*



charge for examinations of inventions. Advice by mail.

Patents obtained through the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest circulation of any scientific newspaper in the world. Splendid engravings, and interesting information. This large and magnificent weekly publication is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering work, etc., in the world. Every number contains from sixteen to twenty original engravings of new inventions and discoveries. Every patentee should have it. Published weekly at $3.20 a year. Specimen copies sent free. Address, Munn & Co., Publishers Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York. Handbook about patents sent free.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson. G. W. Renfro.
....
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line
Advertisements see rates.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, $1.50, if paid in advance.
Six months, $1.00.
Three months, 50 cents.
If paid at the end of the year $2.00.
All communications should be addressed to the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 368, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest Washington, D. C.
A. H. Brooks, 1005 K street northwest. Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
E. G. Fleischmann next door to Post Office.

☞ Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞ When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive the paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.

LOCAL.

—Mr. Aaron Russell was in Baltimore last week.

—Mrs. Oliver White has returned to the city.

—Mrs Emmett Burwell is at West Point.

—Mrs. Rebecca Vigul has returned home from Saratoga.

—Robert H. Hamilton, of the *Alumni Journal*, was in the city this week.

—J. B. Hutchins is visiting his old home in Raleigh, N. C., where he will remain three weeks.

—Mrs. Hemstead has returned from West Point, very much pleased with her sojourn.

—"Le Duke" and "Argus" are in town, and ready to swing the sledge-hammer, "the same as last season."

—Misses Carrie and Henrietta Cook, after a stay here of a fortnight have returned to their home in Baltimore.

—Rev. W. H. Brooks returned home Wednesday from his trip. He had visited Saratoga, Lake George, Newport, Providence, and Boston.

—Mrs. M. L. Mason has left her daily duties for a relaxation amid the classic walls and social scenes of cultured of Boston.

—Rev. John W. Shippen left Thursday for Fayetteville Ark., where he will be in the service of the American Mission Association both as teacher and preacher.

—Mesdames Carrie Fell and Cor Cambell, of Cleveland, O., visited our city last week, in company of Mrs. Bishop Wayman.

—The Lincoln Mission afternoon Sabbath school will be resumed to-morrow (Sept. 9) at half past 3 o'clock. All are invited.

—Miss Sallie Turpin, of Richmond, Va., is in the city, the guest of her uncle, Mr. Edward Stanard, of 1155 17th st, N. W.

—The school teachers are all in town, sprucing up for the duties which will soon devolve on them. They are all looking bright and fresh, and good results are anticipated.

—Ex-Senator Bruce left last Tuesday evening for Ohio, where he will engage entirely in politics. Some interesting speeches are expected from the Senator, and Ohioans will not be disappointed.

—Miss Anna L. Smallwood, of East Washington, leaves next week for Charles co., to "teach the young idea how to shoot." It has ever been a mystery, why such a worthy young lady, a graduate of the normal department of Howard University has not secured a school in our city.

—Miss Mary Reed was married to Rev. Mr. Purdy on the 30th ult. The happy couple, after a short reception, took the train for Frederick, the home of the groom, to spend a short time. They will proceed thence to Boston. Bon voyage!

—Metropolitan Lodge, No. 1, Council of Honor, received into membership last Monday night as follows: Dr. F J. Shadd, Chas. H. Wilson, Alex. Payton, W. A. Stewart, and H. G. Gosson. Applications were presented from Messrs. Geo Matthews, J. W. McFarland, M. F. Havalin, and Joseph Brooks. It is proposed to establish, in the near future, branch organizations in Georgetown, South Washington, and Capitol Hill. Persons desiring further information can obtain it from J. H. Meriweather, G. B. Anderson, F. L. Cardoza, and J. W. Cromwell.

From the *manner* of his conversation, which was enthusiastic, it would appear that the independent movement has assumed prodigious proportions, and that the disintegration of Bourbonism is but the question of a very short time. The *Advocate* man could no see this quite as plainly as Mr. Chalmers, but he was free to express the opinion that independent movements were the thing for the colored people. Mr. Chalmers is a man of pleasing discourse, and appears to be an excellent politician.

A CONFERENCE OF MISSISSIPPIANS.—The *Advocate* man was invited to accompany a committee of Mississippians who called on Mr. Chalmers, on the evening of the 31st ult., for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of sustaining the independent movement of which Mr. Chalmers is the leader, and to confer concerning the speediest methods of organizing an element to disintegrate the Bourbon party of Mississippi. Mr. Chalmers was very communicative, and expressed his opinions fully on the "new idea." He claims that *now* is the time to combine against the Bourbon party since disaffection has broken out in its ranks, and thousands of whites are ready and anxious to enter into combinations to defeat their tyrannical bosses. He proposes and insists upon methods of inspection which will insure a full vote and a fair count, and to organize bands of armed men, if need be, to protect colored voters.

The first fashionable marriage ceremony of the season was celebrated at the 15th Street Presbyterian Church last wednesevening. Mr. L. A. Lewis of S. C., a popular clerk in the Pension Office, was the fotrunate man and Miss Millie G Hurns one of the most amiable ladies of the city was the happy lady. Rev. J. A. Handy performed the ceremony. G. W. Jackson, W. T. Smith, R. N. Boyd and L. M. Brown acted as ushers. The bride was handsomely attired in white silk tulle overdress, bridal veil looped with orange blossoms, and her wreath was composed of daisies and forget-me-nots. The groom wore the conventional black. After the ceremonies at the church the bridal party were driven to the residence of the bride 1009 17th street, N. W., where a reception was held until ten o'clock. Many useful handsome and valuable presents testified to the love and esteem in which the Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are held. A fine collation was served under a tastified arrangeged canopy. THE ADVOCATE wishes them long and happy life.

Georgetown News.

Miss Jennie Norris returned home on the 6th inst. from a Cape May.

Miss Maggie Ferguson returned on the 7th inst. from Long Branch.

All of the churches were largely attended on Sabbath last.

Miss E. Dennis, the great singer, leaves to-day, to attend the Bible Collegiate Institute, of Baltimore, Md.

The Bethesda Literary Society gave a grand Sciopticon exhibition entertainment the evenings of the 6th and 7th instants.

Lincoln Light Infantry gave a delightful picnic at Van Ness park last Monday, which was a success.

The Lord's supper was administered in the Ebenezer church in the forenoon of last Sabbath by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown. Sunday evening service was also resumed.

Two numbers of the Protective Union, Nos. 1 and 2, gave a large picnic to Gales' Woods on Monday last. The officers of those Unions deserve great credit for the rapid increase they have made recently.

A great day in Zion: 11 a. m., preaching by Rev. Ross from Kansas; 3 p. m, a sermon to the Odd Fellows by Rev. A Handy. 8 p. m., a sermon to the good mothers by the pastor, Rev. A. Dennis; subject: Relation to Christ. Sunday School at 9 30 a. m. Financial rally all day.

Rev. Mr. Brown, pastor of A. M. E. church, commenced his series of sermons Sunday evening, and preached an able sermon to a crowded house, composed of some of the best citizens of the town The congregation of Ebenezer is increasing rapidly, and we think the new minister will do well.

Mr. Ralph Parrett left Sunday evening last for Tuskegee, Ala., to take charge of the musical department of the State Normal school, where he won for himself great credit for his musical talent in the last scholastic year. Mr. P. conducted the musical portion of Mt. Zion S. S. on Sunday morning last, which called together a large gathering—both Sabbath school children and friends.

The friends of West Washington will be glad to learn that the Rev. Mr. Cargill, whose station has been recently changed from here to Annapolis is succeeding there so well that he has raised $600 during his short stay. He has built up a fine Sabbath School, and has a number of Banner classes. His collection last Sabbath was $61 15. Mrs. C., his wife, who has been ill for the last three weeks, is much improved in health.

R. D.

LOVE OF HOME.—The affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which, in the breast of any one man is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed. are the same affection, only the latter belongs to us separately; the first can be known but by men united in masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive.

The tallest trees in the world are in Australia. A fallen tree in Gippsland measured four hundred and fifty-five feet from the root to the highest point of the branches. Another standing in the Dandenong district, in Victoria, is estimated to be four hundred and fifty feet from the ground to the top.

"Not one American woman in twenty-five can walk five miles," says an English physician. See here, Doc., you just show an American woman a street five miles long, with bonnet stores every ten rods, and see if she can't walk the whole distance.—*Boston Post*

On the meeting of two friends the following colloquy ensued: "Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work making him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

EXCURSION TO GLYMONT

on the large steamer MARY WASHINGTON, under the auspices of the 15TH ST. PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL, Thursday September 6, 1883. The boat will leave the wharf at 10 a. m. and 5 p. m. Round trip, 50 cents.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

THE HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

Circulars of the MEDICAL, PHARMACEUTICAL, and DENTAL DEPARTMENTS are ready for circulation.

Address Prof C. B. PURVIS, M. D., Secretary, 1118 Thirteenth street,

The LAW DEPARTMENT opens September 15.

Address Prof B. F. LEIGHTON, Dean, 482 Louisiana avenue.

The NORMAL PREPARATORY, COLLEGE and THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENTS open September 12.

Address: J. B. JOHNSON, Secretary. [sep 1-3t

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

☞ Wanted to Complete Our Files, Copies of the ADVOCATE of the following dates:

1877.

JULY, - - - 28
SEPT. - - - 8,
NOV. - - 24,

1878.

MARCH, - - 16,

We will credit on subscription account TWENTY-FIVE cents for each well-preserved copy returned to us.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING IS THE KEYSTONE OF SUCCESS
COURAGE
ENTERPRISE
ABILITY
BRAINS
GOOD ARTICLES
PERSISTENT
ORIGINAL
SYSTEMATIC
GOOD NEWSPAPERS
THIS PAPER is on FILE and Advertising contracts for it and all other newspapers in the world can be made on the most favorable terms at the
INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER AGENCY
H. P. Hubbard, Prop., New Haven, Ct., U. S. A.
Publisher of the Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World.

"CROWN" HAND FLUTER
MASTER ADDR. MACHINE CO. PHILA.
4 SIZES, FROM 75 CENTS A PIECE UP.
AND MOST PRACTICAL MACHINES
"THE BEST FINISHED"
OF THEIR KIND IN THE MARKET.
SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING STORES.

A PLACE FOR YOUR DICTIONARY,
A PLACE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPERS,
A PLACE FOR YOUR PERIODICALS,
And an ornament for your house, all in one.
THE NOYES DICTIONARY HOLDER.

A thousand dictionaries in out-of-the-way places will not instruct, while a single dictionary, mounted in a Noyes Dictionary Holder, will instruct thousands. In fact the Holder is the great helper of the great lexicons, and in making the two items of learning available, is second only in importance to the lexicons themselves. The Holder is so constructed as to give special attention is called to the Lexicon Holder, which is more durable and brilliant than ever, the finish of which is nickel, and half much the appearance of silver. This finish will withstand any amount of rough usage. The Tilting Top Holder is made in both walnut and oak, and is finished with great care wherever seen. A neat attachment is now made for holding newspapers, magazines, &c. Pamphlets and other publications most conveniently referred to—the Pamphlet Holder. Send for illustrated circulars. Holders sent CARRIAGE prepaid on receipt of price. Circulars free. Address L. W. NOYES, 99 & 101 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

Well's "Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure, Corns, warts, bunions.

Flies and Bugs.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languish-ing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will Cure You.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed your-self with your pastoral du-ties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you are simply ailing if you feel weak and dis-pirited, without clearly knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Restore You

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties; or a man of let-ters, toiling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

If you are young, and suffering from any indis-cretion, or are growing too fast, as is often the case,

Hop Bitters will Relieve You.

If you are in the work-shop, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stim-ulating without intoxi-cating,

Hop Bitters is What You Need.

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

One HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

DRUGGISTS.
SOLD BY ALL
Dr. SWAYNE & SON, PHILA.
Swaynes Ointment
HUMOR
SKIN DISEASES
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE SKIN
ECZEMA, BURNS, SCALDS, CUTS, FACE, NOSE
FROSTBITES, CHILBLAINS, ERYSIPELAS, ITCH, RINGWORM, ERUPTIONS, FLASH, BLOTCHES, SKIN DISEASES, TETTERS, SORES, PIMPLES, BARBERS' ITCH, RINGWORM, &C.
PROVERBS.
PROVERBS.

HOP BITTERS.

(A Medicine, not a Drink,)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

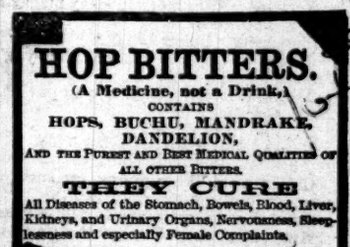
HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidney is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask druggist.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. Send for circular.

Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N.Y.

SWAYNES


SWAYNES OINTMENT.
AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES SUCH AS TETTER, ITCH, SORES, PIMPLES, ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM, BLOTCHES, &C.

OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR

ITCHING PILES

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worse at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are often affected. As a pleasant, economical and positive cure, SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or send 50 cts. in 3-ct. Stamps. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa.

The National Benefit & Relief Association.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE DIST. OF COL.

This Association provides weekly benefit to Male and Female from $5 to $15 per week. Certificates writ en up from $500 to $5,000. All certificates in this Association are incontestible after 5 annual premiums are paid in the Association, thus preventing all litigation in law courts, and disappointment to the beneficiary. This is the only Association in the States which does this. All sick claims paid immediately upon proper proof.

Richard T. Greener, Esq., President.
Alfred Barlow, Secretary. Joseph Brooks, Treasurer.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

Richard T. Greener, Esq., President.
Alfred Barlow, Jesse Brooks, Robert H. Boston,
James A. Matthews Jesse Bumbrey, Albert M. Lucas,

REEERENCES BY PERMISSION:

Bishop T. M. D. Ward, Dr. C. B. Purvis, Rev. Robert J. Hanson,
" J. M. Brown, " B. B. Jolley, " Edward Willis,
Rev John H. Brooks, " Marsteller, " W. B. Jefferson,
" Madison H. Gaskins, " Julius F. Mitchardt, " R. J. Daniels,
" P. W. Brodie, " Mark Bell.

Call for circulars and information to Principal Office, 1103 F Street, n. w., Wash., D. C, N. B. Responsible Agents wanted; liberal commissions paid.

ADDISON DAY,

PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER AND CABINET MAKER

READY-MADE COFFINS, CASKETS AND SHROUDS.

No 301 Four-and-a half street, Corner of C Street, Southwest, and 641 Mass. Ave., Washington, D. C

Orders Promtly Executed at Reasonable Prices

E. MURRAY,

ICE CREAM PARLORS,

1118 K Street.

First-class Cream, Wholesale and Retail. Orders promptly attended to.

SUMMER BOARDING.

MRS. R. A. GRIFFIN.

Would respectfully inform her friends and the public generally that she has opened a first-class Boarding House, at the

BANNEKER HOUSE,

Cape May City, N. J., where she will be pleased to see her many friends and visitors who may favor her with their patronage.
Every effort will be made to provide for the comfort of guests.
Terms from $7 to $10 per week.
For further information, address,

MRS. R. A. GRIFFIN,

P. O. Box 123 Cape May City, N. J.

Havelow House,

Cor. Kentucky and Artic Aves.,

Atlantic City, N. J.

ELISHA E. HAVELOW, Owner and Proprietor.

This is the largest and most comfortable house for colored people in Atlantic City. Only two minutes' walk from the West Jersey and Camden & Atlantic R. R. depots, and eight minutes' to the Narrow Guage R. W. Hacks, bath houses, etc., at easy command. First-class board, $ per week. Jy21-1m

COUNCIL OF HONOR.

MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

Incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia with power to establish subordinate councils in any part of the U. S.

OBJECTS.

To unite fraternally all men of sound body, health and good moral character between 20 and 55 years of age, so as to secure the payment of ultimately, of $500, within 60 days after satisfactory proof of death of any member in good standing, to his widow or to such other person or persons as he may direct.

A copy of the constitution or such other information as may be desired can be obtained by applying to F. L. CARDOZO, Secretary, 1463 Pierce Place, Washington, D. C.

OFFICERS:

J. W. CROMWELL, Grand Councillor.
J. R. CLIFFORD, Vice Councillor.
F. L. CARDOZO, Secretary.
J. A. SIMMS, Sr., Treasurer.
S. L. COOK, Medical Director.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

D. W. Atwood, J. H. Merriwether,
C. H. Jones. Daniel Hardy,
J. W. Corsey, W. G. Fearing,
J. A. Smith, William Becket.
S. Hopewell, Martinsburg, W. Va.
June 23, 1y.

MISS ANNIE K. HUMPHERY,

430 Tenth Street N. W.

Makes Corsets to order in every style and material, and guarantees perfect fit and comfort.

HER SPECIALTIES ARE—

French Hand-made Underclothing, Merino Underwear, and Finest Imported Hosiery. Patent Shoulder-Braces and all Dress-Reform Goods. French Corsets and Busties. The "Hercules" Supporting Corset, for which Miss H. is special agent, and a $1 Corset, her own make, that for the price cannot be surpassed.
N. B.—French, German, and Spanish spoken.

WANTED—YOU TO KNOW THAT we sell a first-class tailor's make second-hand suit, much better and a great deal cheaper than a common new suit can be bought, at

JUSTH'S OLD STAND,

No. 619 D STREET NORTHWEST.

N. B.—New clothing we sell cheaper than anywhere. Apr. 21-ly

A New Book of Interest to every COLORED AMERICAN.

FREEDOM AND CITIZENSHIP,

Selected Lectures and addresses of

HON. JOHN M. LANGSTON, LL.D.,

U. S. Minister Resident at Haiti, with an Introductory Sketch by Rev. J. A. Rankin, D.D.,

Dedicated to the Young Colored Americans who in Home and School and College are trying to make themselves worthy of the freedom and citizenship with which God and their country have endowed them.

CONTENTS:

Dedication. Introductory Sketch. The World's Anti-Slavery Movement. Daniel O'Connell. Citizenship and the Ballot. Bishop Allen. Richard Allen. Equality Before the Law. Eulogy on Charles Sumner. Our Fathers Dead. Our Political Parties. Pacific Reconstruction. The Exodus. Future of the Colored American.

286 Octavo Pages, Printed in Clear Type, on Heavy Paper,

WITH FINE STEEL ENGRAVED PORTRAIT

Will be promptly forwarded by mail, postage prepaid, to any address in the United States, on receipt of price.

Bound in cloth,.....$1 50
" paper,..... 1 00

One year's subscription to the ADVOCATE and a copy bound in paper $2.
One year's subscription and copy bound in cloth, $2,50.

Hon John Mercer Langston was born a slave in Virginia; is a graduate of Oberlin College and Theological Institution, and as a Lawyer, College President, Foreign Minister and Politician, has exerted a wide influence for the good of his race. He is one of the bravest of the brave in public matters, and his influence upon young colored men has been wide-spread and admirable. He is now serving as Minister Resident at Haitn and ranks among the best diplomatistw of our Government.—*From Williamsi, History of the Negro race in America.*

Agents Wanted in every Town and County in the United States.

Address

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUST OUT

A BOOK FOR EVERY

Colored Man, Woman and Child.

EMANCIPATION,

ITS COURSE AND PROGRESS FROM 1481 B. C. TO A. D. 1875.

BY JOS. T. WILSON.

In addition to the history of Emancipation, it also contains a review of President Lincoln's Proclamations, the XIII Amendment, and the progress of the freed people since Emancipation Also a history of the Emancipation Monument, in Lincoln Park, Washington.

It is a work that has long been needed, as it contains much valuable information and data that can only be obtained by long and laborious research through voluminous histories and cyclopedias. The arrangement is such that reference can be made in a moment's time to the date of emancipation in any country on the globe.

The Review of President Lincoln's Proclamations and the XIII Amendment is valuable, showing, as it does, the opinions of the different leading thinkers and writers on the validity of the same.

The book contains 242 pages; printed in large, clear type, on heavy white paper, and is handsomely bound in full cloth. Price $1.50—post paid.

AGENTS WANTED, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address

NORMAL SCHOOL STEAM PRESS
PUBLISHERS,
BOX 10, HAMPTON, VA.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Christian Recorder

631 PINE STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA

A GREAT FAMILY AND RELIGIOUS

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Official Organ of the African Methodis Episcopal Church.

Official Organ of the Mesonic [illegible]

Official Organ of the I. O. G. T.

World.

KEROSENE STAINS UPON A FLOOR.—A correspondent writes from Pilot Mound, Minn., that the breaking of a kerosene lamp has caused a "rightful spot" upon the floor, and wishes to know how it can be removed. Good kerosene has a boiling point of 380 degrees, considerably above the melting of lard—hence in order to drive it completely from any fabric, from paper, or from wood, it must be heated high enough to make a vapor, when, if pure, it may be completely removed. Heat may be applied to the floor by using flat-irons sufficiently hot, first placing a piece of paper over the spot. It may be that, after the oil is driven from the surface by heat, the stain will reappear; some of the oil remaining in the wood will be brought to the surface by capillary attraction. In such a case it will be necessary to repeat the operation as often as the stain appears.

The Frenchman's Sleep.

Perhaps a story of a pleasant night that I passed at West Point, N. Y., in 1837, may prove amusing to the readers of the day. I stopped at the Point that year, and found the hotel crowded. It was late in the evening when I arrived, and being almost worn out with the fatigue of the journey—for I had been the inmate of stage coaches, railroad cars and canal boats without closing my eyes for the last two days—I repaired, with all convenient haste to the solitary couch that had been assigned me in the basement story, in the fond hope of passing a few comfortable hours in the "arms of Morpheus;" but one glance at the "blue chamber below" convinced me of the utter folly of any such expectation.

I found it nearly crammed with my fellow-lodgers, who, if I might judge from the melancholy display of hats, boots, socks and other articles of wearing apparel, scattered over the floor, in most "admirable disorder," had evidently retired with unbecoming eagerness to secure their places to themselves, and thereby guard them against the possibility of intrusion from others, doubtless believing that in this, as well as similar cases, possession is nine points of the law.

As the apartment was very confined, and all the inhabitants wide awake, I thought I might as well spend an hour or two in the open air before going to bed, and was about to retire for that purpose, when a voice called out—"If you do not wish to lose your berth, you had better turn in." Observing that nearly all the cots, sofas, settees, chairs, etc., were occupied, and hearing that several of my fellow passengers were sleeping on the house-top and in the halls, I deemed it prudent to follow the advice just given to me, so at once commenced disrobing, and was soon stowed away in a snug corner, and it was not long before I found myself gradually and imperceptibly sinking under the influence of the gentle god. I began to congratulate myself—to commiserate the unhappy condition of my less fortunate companions, and to bid good night to all my cares, when a short, thin, merry little French man came dancing into the room, and, after cutting a pigeon-wing or two, humming a passage from a favorite opera, and skipping once or twice around the vacant beds, sat himself upon the foot of the most commodious, with the exclamation:

"Ah! ha! I find him—this is him—number ten, magnifique! Now I shall get some little sleep at last." Again humming a part of a tune, he proceeded to prepare himself for bed. After divesting himself of his apparel, and carefully depositing his trinkets and watch under his pillow, he fastened a red bandana handkerchief around his head, and slid beneath the counterpane, as gay and lively as a cricket. "It is superb," he once more exclaimed aloud. "I have not had some rest for six dozen days, certainement—and now I shall have some little sleeps. But, waiter!" bawled he, suddenly recollecting himself John came to the call.

"What is it o'clock, eh?"

"Nearly ten, sir."

"What time de boat arrive?"

"About two."

"When he do come, you shall wake me, some little minute before?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you shall get some of de champagne, and oysters all ready for my supper?"

"Very well, sir."

"Remember, Jean, I would not be passovare for ten thousand dollare."

"You may depend upon me, sir," said John, as he shut the door and departed.

"Ah, tres bien, and now for de little sleeps." Uttering which, he threw himself upon the pillow, and in a few seconds was in a delightful doze.

The foregoing maneuvers and conversation had attracted the attention of all, and aroused me completely.

"Hang that Frenchman," growled a bluff old fellow next to him, as he turned on the other side, and again went to sleep.

Most of the other gentlemen, however, raised their heads for a moment to see what was going on, and then deposited them as before, in silent resignation. But one individual, with more nerves than fortitude, bounded out of bed, dressed himself in a passion, swore there was no such thing as sleeping there, and went out of the room in a huff. This exploit had an electric effect upon the melancholy spectators, and a general laugh, which awoke all the basement story, was the result.

For some minutes afterward the merriment was truly appalling. Jokes, mingled with execrations, were heard in every direction, and the uproar became universal. Silence, however, was at length restored; but all symptoms of repose had vanished with the incident that gave them birth.

The poor Frenchman, however, whose slumbers had been sadly broken by the nervous man, had turned himself upside down, and had actually gone to sleep once more! He began to breathe hard, and, finally, to snore—and such a snore! it was enough to have awakened the dead! There was no such thing as standing it. The equanimity of his immediate neighbor—a drowsy fellow who, on first lying down, said he was resolved to "sleep in spite of thunder"—was the first to give way. He sprang bolt upright, hastily clasped his hands over his ears, and called out at the top of his compass for the Frenchman to discontinue "that diabolical and dreadful noise." Up jumped the red night-cap, rubbing his eyes in mute astonishment.

After hearing the heavy charge against it, with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," and making every apology in its power for the unintentional outrage it had committed, down it sunk once more upon the pillow, and glided away into the land of Nod. But new annoyance awaited the poor Frenchman; for scarcely had this event happened when the door was flung open and in came a gentleman from Cahawba, with a fierce-looking, broad-brimmed hat upon his pericranium, that attracted general attention, and struck awe and consternation to the hearts of all beholders. He straddled himself into the middle of the floor, thrust both hands into his breeches pockets, pressed his lips slowly together, and cast his eyes deliberately around the apartment, with the expression of one who intended to insist on his rights.

"Which is number ten?" he demanded in a tone which startled all the tenants of the basement story. "Which is number ten?" continued he approaching the Frenchman and laying violent hands upon him. "There's some mistake here. A man in bed, hey? Well, lets see what not made of. Look here stranger, you're in the wrong box You've tumbled into my bed—so you must shift your quarters." Who shall depict the Frenchman's countenance, as he slowly raised his head, half opened his drooping organs of vision, and took an oblique squint at the gentleman from Cahawba. "You are in the wrong bed," repeated he "the hat—"number ten is my property; yonder is yours, so have the politeness just to hop out."

The Frenchman was resigned to his fate, and gathering himself together, transposed his mortal remains to the vacant bed without the slightest resistance, and in eloquent silence. It was very evident to him, as well as the rest of us, that there was no withstanding the persuasions of his new acquaintance, who had a fist like a mallet, and who swore that he always carried loaded pistols in his pocket to be ready for any emergency. The inhabitants of the basement would have screamed outright this time, but for prudential considerations, for the gentleman from Cahawba realized the description of the "determined dog" mentioned in the comedy, "who lived next door to a churchyard, killed a man a day, and buried his own dead." Was this, then, a man to be trifled with? Certainly not. Better to cram the sheets down the throat and run the risk of suffocation from suppressed laughter, than to encounter the displeasure of a person who wears such a hat. They are always to be avoided.

But to return to the Frenchman. He was no sooner in his new resting place than John came to inform him that his oysters and champagne were ready. Like one in a dream he arose, sat upon the side of the bed, and slowly dressed himself, without a single murmur at his great disappointment. He had hardly finished when the steamboat bell sounded among the highlands, and he received the gratifying intelligence that in consequence of the time he had lost in dressing he had none left to eat his supper—and that, if he did not hurry he would be too late for the boat! At this he arose, yawned, stretched his person at full length, and, with the ejaculation: "I shall get some sleeps nevare!" bid us good night, and slowly took his leave.

A Congressman Corrected.

Congressman Daggett tells a good story of Senator Sharon which is printed in a Nevada paper. It seems that when Sharon is not strictly sober he becomes loquacious, and his strong point is history and poetry. He was dining with a lot of "literary sharps" at Boston once, and although he was introduced to them all, he forgot their names, and after the wine had circulated freely for a while, Sharon joined in the conversation very liberally. A historical incident was alluded to by him when a quiet man of venerable appearance corrected Sharon's statement. The senator was quite indignant and resented the interruption, and even after the dinner was over, the fancied injury rankled in his breast. He went to the host, and asked:

"Who is that blank old fool that tried to teach me history?"

"His name is Bancroft," quietly replied the host."

"What does he do?" asked Sharon."

"He writes histories for a living."

"What? Bancroft's history of the United States?"

"Yes."

"Great Scott! Won't you be good enough to order my carriage?"

The Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was residing in Baltimore, a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although always deprecating the stage and all theatrical performances. A large company sat down at the table; and on returning to the drawing-room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverently arose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transfer himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy supplicant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance. Says one of the company who was present: "It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes turned tremblingly upward, wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt—it had become absolutely painful—until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice syllabled forth, Our Father who art in heaven, etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued; not a voice was heard, not a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. 'Sir,' said he, in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I have repeated the Lord's prayer; but I never heard it before, never, never!' 'You are right,' replied Booth; 'to read that prayer as it should be read, caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production." Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity.—*Alliance.*

Language of the Finger Ring.

If a gentleman wants a wife he wears ring on the first finger of his left hand.

If he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger.

If married, he wears it on the third finger. If he never intends to get married, he wears it on the fourth finger.

When a lady is not engaged, she wears a whoop or diamond on her first finger.

If engaged, she wears it on the second finger.

If married, she wears it on the third finger,

If she intends to remain a maid, she wears the ring upon her fourth finger.

Thus by a few simple tokens the passion of love is expressed.

Some Chicago real estate has sold as high as $4,125 per front foot.

Minor Trials of this Life.

Trying to recollect the store you left your umbrella in.
Losing penknife.
Losing cane.
First grease spot on new pantaloons.
Shirt buttons found wanting on cold morning.
Mosquitoes.
Flies.
Bugs.
Flea in trousers.
Uncut books and magazines.
Getting shaved.
Full barber shop when you are in a hurry to be shaved.
House hunting.
Piano practice next room.
Accordeon, flute, violin, next room.
Newspaper with five supplements.
Trying to interest the girl who wants the other man.
Hand organs.
Trying to talk to an "Oh, dear! "Oh, my!" and "Oh, isn't that nice!" girl.
Trying to save money.
Remembering what a fool you made of yourself when tight last night.
Reading your own love letters when it was very bad and you were not expected to recover.
Tumbling up stairs.
Tumbling down stairs.
Conundrums.
Puns.
Rickety chairs.
Leathery steak.
Old bill against you forgotten.
Toothache.
Trying to write home because it's your duty.
Atmosphere of stove-heated railroad cars in winter.
Cold feet.
Making a purchase at one shop and seeing the article marked fifty per cent. cheaper at the next.
Having your ash-box stolen.
Salesman or woman who argues that you ought to like this or that pattern.
Four friends giving directions to some place at once.
Some old yarn you heard forty times before.
"That reminds me of a little anecdote."
Invalid who will tell all his complaints.
India rubber shoe stuck in the mire.
Umbrella turned wrong side out by the wind.
Firecrackers a month before and a month after the Fourth.
Waiting for your change at one of your big stores.
Salesmen and women who seem in a hurry for you to buy and clear out.
Dogs and cats at night.
Hole in pocket discharging ten cent pieces down trouser leg to pavement.
Corns.
Tight boots.
Dull penknives.
Remark by friend: "Gettin' old like the rest of us."
Man who will talk behind you all through the play.
Door bell that won't ring.
Taxes.
Crowded steamboat without seats.
Crowded car without seats.
Third-class hotel with first-class charges.
Railway station coffee.
Peg in shoe.
Man you owe.
Man who owes you and does likewise.
If Republican a Democratic speech.
If Democrat a Republican speech.
Slippery front door steps.
Pen *non est* when you want it.
Miserable pen when you get it.
Thick ink.
No envelopes.
Musty eggs for breakfast.
Long sermon.
High wind blowing hat off.
Counting week's salary after jamboree.
Fly in coffee.
Fly in tea.
Crying babies on car or boat.
Enlarged shirt button-hole at neck, letting neck gear down by the run.
Sight of steamboat smokestack moving off when ninety seconds too late.
Or rear of train when ninety seconds too late.
Man who chews and spits in car or boat.
Person who calls while you're out and leaves no name.
Old friend who calls when you're out and leaves no address.
Very interesting story in stray magazine. "To be continued."
Slamming window blinds.
Trying to think of a man's name you've forgotten.
Trying to recollect where you put it.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"As the Twig is Bent," etc.

Children are like a young orchard. If you set out a number of healthy young trees, and some grow sickly while others thrive, you at once take great care of the sickly ones, giving them water and manure in abundance. If, after your great care, they grow worse, you dig them up at last, and are surprised to find the roots withered. Had you looked at the roots at first, they would now have been healthy, fruit-bearing trees.

It is so with children. Rich food and costly dress will not of themselves nourish a healthy moral nature. They must be tavght in the beginning obedience and respect, that the roots of their young natures may take a strong hold in good ground and bring forth good fruit. If children are taught to be respectful to their parents and elders, they will be respectful to others. Chinese children are taught and compelled to be respectful to everybody. In this respect the children of many Caucasians might imitate them with profit.—[Boston Traveler.

An American arrived one day at an inn hotel in a French provincial town. Tired and dusty with travel, he demanded a room and plenty of water to wash with. "Water! We have not a drop," said the landlord. Muttering expressions of dissatisfaction, he reached his room, and immediately called, "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" A dozen servants rushed up stairs and into his room, bearing in their hands vessels of all sorts, filled with water with which to extinguish the flames. "Ah," said the guest, turning composedly upon them, "you may leave me the water. Thank you, that is all."

Few people have any idea of the extent to which silk manufacturing is carried on in this country. The report shows that the total value of finished goods for the year ending June 30, 1880, was valued at $24,410,463; number of factories, 383; the amount of capital, real and personal, invested, $18,899,500; looms, 8,467. The greatest number of hands employed at any one time during the year was 34,440; the total amount paid in wages was $9,107,835.

A little Georgia boy who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony was wise enough to add: "Poscrit. If he is a mule, Plese ty his behine legs." This little boy, it should be remarked, has been to other animal shows besides the circus.

Sayings of George Eliot.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.—[Adam Bede.

Nothing is as good as it seems beforehand.—[Silas Marner.

Trouble's easily borne when everybody gives it a lift for you.—[Felix Holt.

It's easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.—[Adam Bede.

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him, Beckoning his skill with opportunity.—[Felix Holt.

As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality of the liquor.—[Adam Bede.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—[Daniel Deronda.

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest.—[Felix Holt.

There is no sorrow greater than to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.—[Middlemarch.

It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world.—[Adam Bede.

There's a sort of human paste, that when it comes near the fire of enthusiasm is only baked into harder shape.—[Daniel Deronda.

It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.—[Middlemarch.

Life is so complicated a game, that the devices of skill are liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of the thistledown.—[Romola.

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the sound of a coarse voice breaking the stillness of night.—[Janet's Repentance.

After all the talk of scholars there are but two sorts of government; one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet or the strongest.—[Romola.

When the commonplace "we must all die" transforms itself suddenly into the acute consciousness, "I must die"—and soon, then death grapples us and his fingers are cruel; afterward he may come to fold us in his arms as our mother did, and our last moment of dim earthly discerning may be like the first.—[Middlemarch.

High or Low Heels.

Some time ago Mr. Morey devised an apparatus for registering the steps, which he has called an odograph. It consists of a small cylinder, rotating by means of clock-work in the interior, and of a pen which marks on the cylinder, and is raised at each step by an impulse communicated by a ball of air beneath the sole. Observations have been made on a number of young soldiers. It was ascertained that the step is longer in going up hill than in going down hill. It is shorter when a burden is carried; longer with low than with high-heeled boots; longer when the sole is thick and prolonged a little beyond the foot than when it is short and flexible. It thus appears that the heel may with benefit be almost indefinitely lowered, while it is disadvantageous to prolong the sole of the boot beyond a certain limit, or to give it an absolute rigidity. Some influences which lengthen the step lessen its frequency; so in going up hill the step becomes at the same time longer and less frequent. In walking on level ground the length of the step and its frequency are always proportioned; the quicker the walk the longer the step. "Nature here proves the folly of the high heel in a most practical manner: and the objection to them in men is equally applicable to them in ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ridiculous appearance would at once stop the fashion. Any one accustomed to country life and long walks on the hills, must have felt that terrible leg-weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow, irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance are trials well known to men. Without a good-shaped low-heeled boot, no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself, and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs. Half the ricked ankles comes from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow pointed toes prevent their proper expansion and use. Make a foot-print in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be! Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer horribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand. Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to nature's gifts. Legs and feet were given us for use to exercise the body upon. In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk nowadays that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster in the park undiscovered.—*The Lancet.*

Getting it Out of Him.

They had just the loveliest sleighing, and young Keepitup was out enjoying it all one afternoon. When he drove into the stable, oh! but the man was mad. He roared when he looked at the horse, and danced around, and, as Uncle Remut says, "he cust, he did."

"Look at that hoss," he wailed, "Look at that hoss! Ain't a dry hair on him, an' he's nigh ready to drop. That's a pretty lookin' way to bring in a hoss. Nice man, you are, to let a good hoss to!"

Young Keepitup was fairly astonished.

"Man alive," he yelled, picturing his amazement in his voice, "and what did you expect when I hired him? When a horse is costing me an even $5 an hour, he's got to keep moving, you understand. When I'm paying out more than 8 cents every minute. I can't afford to let no horse lean up against an ice box while he figures out the oat crop of the United States. I did my level best to keep my whip hand warm, and then I couldn't get more than $4.25 an hour out of him. Now, if you had only charged 15 cents an hour, I would have had the horse fed every thirty minutes while I was out, and I would have rocked him in my arms, wrapped him up in blankets and laid him in the sleigh and hauled him back to the stable myself. That's the difference, you see, Mr. Silkcracker. Here's your money, and I want the same horse, or a better one, next Saturday afternoon, if the snow holds on."

And he went away, while Mr. Silkcracker stood looking alternately at the money and the horse, thinking it all over.—*Burdette.*

Teacher—"Suppose you have two sticks of candy and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you then? Little boy (shaking his head)—"You don't know him; he ain't that kind of a boy."

THE BEST WAGON —ON WHEELS—
IS MANUFACTURED BY
FISH BROS. & CO.,
RACINE, WIS.,
WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF
Farm, Freight and Spring Wagons,
And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the Best of WORKMEN, using nothing but FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY and the VERY BEST of SELECTED TIMBER, and by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making
"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS."
Manufacturers have abolished the warranty, but Agents may, on their own responsibility, give the following warranty with each wagon, if so agreed:
We Hereby Warrant the FISH BROS. WAGON No.....to be well made in every particular and of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breakage occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash by the purchaser producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence.
Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every section of the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and for a copy of THE RACINE AGRICULTURIST, to
FISH BROS. & CO., Racine, Wis.

J. H. BELLER,
DRUGGIST,
Corner Sixteenth and M Sts., N. W.,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles,
Segars and Tobacco.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED

PHILADELPHIA HOUSE
Restaurant and Saloons.
348 PENNSYLVANIA AVE., N. W
Fresh Oysters twice a week from Norfolk. Keeps the best table the market affords.

R. J. COLLINS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL & WOOD.
Nos. 464 and 466 E St., S. W.
Coal by Rail direct from the Mines. Oak, Pine and Hickory Wood in Lengths. Sawed and split Wood under cover.

MRS. JOSEPHINE DAVIS
Keeps on hand a full assortment of
PLAIN AND FANCY CANDIES.
Rooms and lodging. Table boarders accommodated.
714 K St., N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BANKS AND RICHARDSON
MERCHANT TAILORS,
1317 F ST., UNDER NATIONAL THEATRE
The only Practical Colored Tailors in the District. tf.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use
HOP BITTERS!
If you are a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work to restore brain nerve and waste, use
HOP BITTERS
If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on
HOP BITTERS!
Whoever you are, wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing toning or stimulating, without *intoxicating*, take
HOP BITTERS!
Have you *dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint*, disease of the *stomach, bowels, blood, liver*, or *nerves*? You will be cured if you use
HOP BITTERS
If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! Buy it. Insist upon it. Your druggist keeps it.
It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask children. The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect. Ask druggists.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco or narcotics.
Above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

D. WASHINGTON,
Tin and Copper Ware
STOVES REPAIRED, &c.
1463 P STREET, N. W.
Give me a call

OFFICE OF
Lemar, Brooks & Co,
BANKERS.
516 Ninth Street, N. W.

B. Robinson & Co.
CLOTHIERS
909 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

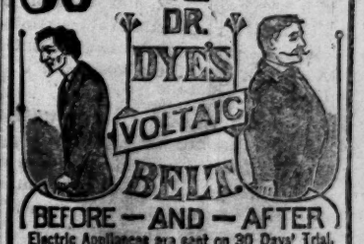
THOMPSON'S SHIRT FACTORY.
Manufacturer of
FINE DRESS SHIRTS.
MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS,
816 F Street, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

PARK HOTEL,
Seventh and Boundary Sts.,
JOHN RICKS,
PROPIETOR.
Boarding and Lodging. Lunch always Ready
Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco
Mineral Waters of all kinds.

OSBORNE BAZAAR,
807 14TH ST. N. W
Millinery & Fancy Goods.
The public is cordially invited to call and inspect the goods at this store. A full line of
TRIMMING'S AND FANCY GOODS
kept constantly on hand and at the lowest market rates. Also Ladies' Underwear, Hair work, Stationery and Gents Furnishing Goods.
Thanking for the patronage already received, we still solicit your support.

I. DICKENS
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING
OF THE BEST QUALITY.
No. 25 South 2nd St., (Basement,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Highest price paid for cast-off clothing.

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use!
Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50.
Send 6 cents for 100 pages.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S
VOLTAIC BELT.

BEFORE — AND — AFTER
Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.
TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,
WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.